Grade Point Average

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by captaineifersucht

Summary

Will transfers to Georgetown University and finds himself enamored with his abnormal psychology TA. It's the only course he's struggling with.

Notes

I needed to write something not so canon, so here this is.
I like the idea of Hannibal not only having obtained an MD, but a PhD as well, so here's that.

Enjoy the smut.
Un-beta'd, so I apologize for any ridiculous mistakes!

Will Graham's favorite course at Georgetown was abnormal psychology. He had transferred from a local community college in New Orleans, realizing that his bachelor's degree from said institution wouldn't hold much merit. That, and his father had realized Will's sexuality.

Will needed to get away from Lousiana. It was too easy to empathize with his dad, to begin to hate himself for who he was. The elder Graham didn't seem to be so upset at the news of his move.

Tuesdays and Thursdays were recitation and Will sat eagerly in the first rows of desks. Their teaching assistant was quite the interesting individual. His English was heavily accented--not an unusual occurrence in the university--with something Eastern European. The melody of his voice had Will eager to take a linguistics course the following semester. In addition, he wasn't just a Ph.D candidate, but a medical student as well. Will knew that course of education was not only rigorous, but isolating. It was hard to have peers in both worlds.

Hannibal Lecter. Graduate Teaching Assistant to Dr. Booten's abnormal psychology course. Office hours every Wednesday from 10am to noon.

This was something that Will had scribbled down on the first day of course, but he had observed so much more since syllabus week. Hannibal typically wore pressed slacks, a pastel colored oxford shirt, and a paisley tie with a Windsor knot. Somedays he strode in with a suit jacket (always plaid) draped about his arm. His shoes were polished, hair slicked back with a sweet smelling gel. Will had caught a whiff one afternoon that he and Hannibal both tried to rush through the doorway, coming from opposite ends of the hallways. Hannibal's language was always sophisticated, almost in a roundabout way.

It was the morning after the first midterm, and most of the students looked forlorn. The average had been a whopping 61% with only 150 undergraduates in the course. On this Tuesday, they were going to get their exams back and review the material that students had questions on.

Hannibal was saying something motivational as he strode between the rows, handing out thick packets of paper with red markings on the very top. Will received his exam last. Hannibal's lips had quirked upwards before he returned to the podium in front of the blackboard.

When Will glanced down at his booklet, flipped to the final page where the scores were added by page, and was quite pleased--although not surprised. An 87% was more than acceptable, would likely be pushed up to an A- with the curve. Will's GPA had been a 4.0 at the community college, but the prestigious university was challenging him. He really would rather not have a three credit hour course that he was so interested in be one letter grade short from perfection.

" Let's start with the first section, does anyone have a problem with questions 1 through 10?"

While his peers moped, Will was quick to request extrapolation on the questions he had missed. Before he could get to his last two problems, the allotted fifty-five minutes had

passed. Students were filing out and Will scampered up to where Hannibal was at the front of the room, wiping down the notes he'd written on the blackboard.

" You still have office hours tomorrow, right, Hannibal?" When he was speaking directly to the older man, Will's voice jumped. His jaw clenched and unclenched nervously, he felt worried that somehow the door would be shut specifically to him.

" Of course, Will. Feel free to stop by. I normally just sit and write grant proposals." Hannibal turned, smiling. There was chalky powder on his fingertips, the rolled sleeves of his shirt, and a thin line that trickled down his left pant leg.

Will smiled gratefully, but couldn't find any more words. He lightly touched Hannibal's forearm before leaving the room, Will's heart in his throat.

That evening, Will's dreams were more erotic than he was accustomed to. He pictured himself in the cubby below the podium, lips wrapped around Hannibal's cock. In Will's fantasy, the older man's member was long, thick, and gagged him. Somehow Will was very proficient at restraining his gag reflex, despite his lack of sexual experience. Hannibal gave soft, subtle thrusts into Will's pliant throat, lecturing the entire time.

Hannibal's large hands gripped the podium tightly and he gave a final, rough pump into Will's mouth, the salty taste going straight down his throat.

Will swallowed greedily and one hand brushed over his forehead, full of praise.

Wednesday morning, Will woke with semen in his boxers and sweat dripping down his brow.

" Oh, Will. I'm glad you could stop by," Hannibal glanced up from a stack full of paperwork with a toothy smile. There were multiple stacks, all neatly arranged about his desk. Will saw a small, golden frame that faced his GTA and felt a moment of panic. Did Hannibal have...someone?

Will hesitantly stepped towards one of the chairs in the office and placed himself in it. He scooted close to the desk and placed his exam on the spot that Hannibal cleared for him. Will flipped to the last page and they began to discuss the last essay question. Hannibal drew many parallels between the previous sections and the material that the course had been covering in the last week to prepare for the upcoming exam. There was never truly a break.

After the question had been covered, Will asked about Hannibal's research. It was a sure-fire way to the heart of anyone that taught at the university. They spoke about the cognitive behavioral therapy treatments that Hannibal was experimenting with, in addition to his studies in medical school. Will couldn't help but feel entranced by the narrative the other man spoke.

" I can't imagine ever doing what you do, Hannibal." Will shook his head, a stupid smile plastered across his face. He could feel the power in Hannibal, his discipline. Will could feel Hannibal's dedication to his desires, his goals.

Will was feeling dedicated to his cause as well--raising his GPA and somehow get into those finely ironed trousers.

“ Oh, Will. I’m sure you are more than capable of anything you put your mind to. Your exam grade was the second highest in your class, only second by three percent, too.” Hannibal raised his eyebrow and nodded at him. “ I’m really not supposed to let you know about that type of information. But you have been the only student to stop by my office since term began a month ago.”

Sometimes Will wished that he lived on-campus, to be around his peers, to not have to commute. But it was nice to get away. His apartment was a very small studio, all he could afford. Will was a good tenant, but there was one rule he didn’t follow--no dogs.

Will had left behind three strays in Louisiana, but had brought Buster along with him. The pup was barely 30 pounds, but it was a pain making sure that he didn’t scratch the wooden floors.

Will was making ramen noodles--with egg, mushrooms, and broccoli for some sort of nutrients--when a knock came on his door. It was rare that he had visitors besides the Thursday nights that he and Alana spent watching romantic comedies on Netflix.

“ Just a second!” he called, dumping the noodles half into a bowl and the other half into a tupperware before shutting off the burner. Will skipped towards the door, corralling Buster in the bathroom before opening the door. It was Saturday night, not time for Alana to be here.

“ Hannibal?” Will’s face contorted from surprise to pleasure and then to confusion again.

The older man smiled at Will, forcefully moving inside to where Will was standing. “ You dropped your ID in class on Thursday.”

Hannibal produced the laminated card from his pocket, offering it between his middle and index finger. Will shakily reached out and took it. Hannibal could’ve left it with the office, they would’ve called him to come pick it up. But he had looked up his address--*is that in the registrar?*-- and come out here on a Saturday evening. It really was unnecessary.

Maybe Will’s plan was working.

“ Gee, thanks, Hannibal. I just, ah, made dinner, if you want any. Unless, you probably have plans tonight, right?” Will couldn’t stop the words from tumbling out of his lips, the stammering was getting worse. “ Really, thanks for all of the help. My exam, the ID. I really need an A in that course, I feel like I can truly bring my grade up now.”

A slim, blond eyebrow quirked upwards. Hannibal’s hair was hanging free, the straw-like strands shifted as he stepped in once more. “ You know, Will. I don’t have plans this evening. I don’t feel as if manufactured noodles would sit right with me, but I would be thrilled to join you for the evening.”

Will flushed bright red at the comment on his dinner. He should've figured that from Hannibal's well-maintained wardrobe that he would survive off of more than ramen and cereal. "Sorry, I wish I had more to offer. I normally work full-time, but they cut my hours lately."

Hannibal gave him a smile as Will retrieved his bowl of soup and they moved to the kitchen table. The older man was quick to turn the conversation on Will this time, asking about his classes, how he was doing in the new city, and his home life. Will's answers were evasive at best, awkward when he couldn't think of anything clever to say.

" You know, Will, I understand how much your GPA matters to you. If you promise to come to all of my office hours for the rest of the semester, I will be sure that Dr. Booten is aware of your perseverance and interest in this course. In past semesters, she has bumped the grades of those that are dedicated to their education."

Will thought of regular Wednesday mornings with Hannibal. Discussing psychological disorders, eating scones, and drinking coffee. The thought made him giddy. Not only would he have the chance to raise his grades, but he would be able to weasel his way into the GTA's pants.

" Gosh, I really would appreciate that, Hannibal. Seriously, that would be so nice." Will was eager, his accent bubbling up with renewed vigor. He had a noodle dripping from his lips, and sucked it up. It was salty, but wasn't the thick, throbbing cock that he wanted.

The weeks were flying bad, as they normally did during fall semester. Will was holding a steady A in all of his classes except for the abnormal psych course. It was a most frustrating position. Will loved the class--the professor, the material, the *teaching assistant*. But no matter all the work he did, he couldn't get his second exam grade above a 90%.

The day after the third midterm was a Wednesday and Will went straight to Hannibal's office hours. He brought tomato and basil scones, with a thermos full of hot water and tea bags. Hannibal seemed delighted at the offer. They traded, exam for breakfast. Will quickly flipped through the packet as Hannibal unfolded a handkerchief to lay his scone onto.

He'd gotten a 92%.

" Best grade in the class, Will. I'm very proud of you." One of Hannibal's large, steady hands moved to lay atop of Will's.

This had been happening more and more often. Subtle touches to his arms, the small of his back, and more and more, his hands. Will blushed every time, unable to help his reaction.

" Thanks, Hannibal. I'm really happy that you and I have been meeting up so often. It's really helping me in all of my courses, not just this one."

Will looked up at the other man, blue eyes hiding beneath his thick lashes. His smile was bright, sincere. Hannibal looked at him with darkened eyes, with something hungry. It wasn't a hunger that could be sated by scones and tea.

For the first time, it dawned on Will that maybe he was not the only one manipulating in this room. His smile grew wider.

“ Is there anything, anything at all I can do to...make it up to you? I’m really good with motors, I can fix anything you might have broken.” Will was offering an exchange of services, but did not really want to provide his skills with boat motors.

“ I’m sure I can think of something.” The hunger had moved to Hannibal’s lips, the way his tongue moved to wet them. His eyes glinted and each of them nibbled at their scones and sipped at the tea. There was a minute of silence. “ Why don’t you come over this Sunday morning? I will cook brunch for us.”

Will was more than happy to agree. He felt high.

The address that Hannibal had given Will was located in a really nice part of town. Will remembered looking at the apartments in that neighborhood online, just to feel sorry for himself. They were gorgeous places to rent, but the monthly payments were normally upwards of two thousand. The thought of living in a space so expensive made Will dizzy. He couldn’t think of a gift to bring, so Will showed up empty-handed.

He shifted from foot to foot on the second floor landing, nervous about knocking on the hard wood of the door before him. He eventually took a deep breath and rapped upon the door twice.

Will was shocked by how quickly Hannibal greeted him. The other man’s hair was carefully styled, bangs falling into his eyes in a graceful manner. “ Good morning, Will. I’m so glad you came.” The words were a seductive murmur and a hand came to Will’s back, reiterating Hannibal’s apparent desire.

“ You know me, I can’t pass up an opportunity to eat.”

They walked into the apartment and Will used a herculean effort to keep his jaw from dropping. The place was spotless, Hannibal had to pay someone to keep it so clean. There was no way that a MD/Ph.D candidate could keep their living space so clean. The two stepped into the kitchen, where there was a breakfast nook laid with food. Will’s mouth was watering.

There were eggs benedict, fruit, coffee, biscuits, and *mother-fucking scones*. Hannibal had found his weakness. Sadly, Will had further plans for this morning, so he would have to keep his breakfast light.

“ This looks delicious, Hannibal. Thanks so much for the invitation. But you feeding me isn’t exactly retribution for your help.” Will’s smile was coy as he sipped coffee and nibbled at a white chocolate and raspberry scone.

He’d dressed carefully, for once. The flannel that Will wore accented his eyes and didn’t button up all of the way, so his clavicles were exposed. In the fluorescence, the shadows were deep along Will’s chest.

“ Oh, I’m aware, Will. “ The hand hadn’t left Will’s spine and now it moved up to his shoulder blades, around to his front. Hannibal’s fingers dipped below Will’s shirt and smiled. “ I had another activity in mind for us, but I think you may have already figured that out."

Will didn’t finish his scone, or his coffee. Hannibal hadn’t even started to eat. Their lips met and Hannibal’s hand tightened on the flannel. With his grip, the older man dragged Will from his seat and they moved back to the den, where Will had entered.

He fell back against the arm of a leather sofa, his ass comfortably sitting upon it. Their tongues intertwined and Hannibal’s free hand moved to Will’s plump ass, pulling him upwards. Hannibal’s hands were squeezing, roaming, groping, and Will couldn’t take it. Small moans and whimpers were escaping from his mouth. “ God, Hannibal, you feel so good.”

Will hadn’t expected the other man to be so forceful. Hannibal’s grace was one of the first qualities that Will had noticed, he hadn’t expected to be manhandled. One of the hands was on the crotch of Will’s pants, palming his half-hard member and squeezing it. He felt frantic, pushing the hand away to undo his button and zipper, the corduroys falling the the plush carpet. His boxer briefs were strained, the head of his cock sitting above the waistband, leaking cowper’s fluid profusely. Hannibal was staring, the hunger growing in his eyes.

Hannibal dropped down to his knees--all poise--and the obstructive fabric was pulled down. They weren’t removed, just dropped directly below Will’s scrotum, causing his erection to bob into the older man’s face. In seconds, the entire length had disappeared behind Hannibal’s wet lips.

With his head thrown back, Will moaned. His hands gripped behind him on the sofa, surely wearing marks into the fine leather. The head of his cock hit the back of Hannibal’s throat and he could feel the gag reflex tightening around his length. The older man pulled away as soon as Will felt shameful heat building within his stomach. It had been too long since his last sexual encounter.

“ God, Hannibal, fuck, don’t,” he couldn’t form a sentence and the words came out as sharp gasps. Will’s glasses had been knocked askew on his face and he quickly reached up to remove them, eager to continue wherever this was headed.

“ Hm, such language,” Hannibal tisked, easily turning Will. The younger man hadn’t considered the strength that rippled below those ironed shirts. He’d had a glimpse of his forearms in the kitchen, muscles cording their length. Now he braced himself, palms against the seat of the couch, flannel pushed up to his thoracic vertebrae and underwear accentuating the curve of his ass. In this position, Will couldn’t spread his legs very far, instead pushing his ass into the air, whimpering in desperation.

He could hear a zipper being undone, and then warm hands laid across the flesh of his ass once more. They kneaded, squeezed, and the right one slapped his cheek teasingly before Will felt the all too familiar sensation of being spread, exposed. It was humiliating and exhilarating all at once, blood rushing to his cock and face. “ Don’t tease, Hannibal. Fuck me,” he begged, pushing back against the hands. He could feel breathing against his quivering hole.

The hands held him steady as the flat of Hannibal's tongue ran along Will's entrance. He shouted and pushed back with no reprieve. The tongue was sinful, dancing across his tightened muscle, dipping inside lightly before circling around again. Will wanted to cry with need, but soon Hannibal's nose was buried in his crack, tongue deep inside of him, jaw working mercilessly against the sensitive skin of his perineum. With these sensations, a tear did streak down Will's flushed face and the hands allowed him to grind back.

When Hannibal finally pulled away, a string of spit still connecting the two, Will wiggled his ass back, desperate for release. The tongue hadn't been deep enough to stimulate his prostate, but that didn't meant that there wasn't a small pile of pre-cum gathering below his body as his hips canted needily. He didn't have to wait for long.

Hannibal shoved in two fingers with ease, stretched to a third with spit and the fluid that was gathered from the couch. When he deemed Will ready, Hannibal's cock breached the still-tight hole slowly. Again, Will was steadied and not allowed any control in the act. He begged for Hannibal to fuck him and was promptly swatted across his ass, warned for language once more.

Flesh met as Hannibal fully sheathed himself inside of Will's fluttering heat. Blue eyes rolled in their sockets, hips swiveled to try and gain some sort of friction and Will pleaded. " Give it to me, please. Please, please, just move, thrust, I *need* it. Need your cock."

Apparently, that was enough for the teaching assistant. Hannibal's hips snapped back quickly and Will's eyes finally closed as a long groan was pulled from his throat. He reached down to fist his cock, balancing on one hand, but the hand was smacked away.

" Not until I give you permission," Hannibal hissed among the sound of skin slapping against skin. One hand gripped Will's hip, sure to bruise, and the other rested around the front of his throat, middle and ring finger framing the bob of Will's Adam's apple. With both hands, Hannibal could contort Will's spine into the perfect supplicating position and allow himself deeper thrusts.

Will's body felt like it was on fire and he was being *filled*, which was all he ever truly wanted. The friction was glorious, being confined in Hannibal's strong, capable arms. He would give himself to this man, just for this feeling.

With that thought, the hand left his throat for his cock. The long fingers collected all the fluid from his slit, dragging it down the underside of his erection for lubrication. Will was sure he wouldn't take long, couldn't last much longer than this. Not with the way Hannibal always buried deep inside of him, brushing along his prostate.

Warmth was pooling in his abdomen, his arms were going numb and Will thought of how Hannibal warned him about permission. " May I cum, fuck, Hannibal, can I cum, please? I need it, I need you, please. Please, let me cum."

Will was quite sure that his words were incoherent, but Hannibal's mouth was at Will's ear, commanding him to *fucking cum for me* and his teeth were deep in the flesh of Will's neck. The young man came with a shout, not sure whether to push into the hand that wrung the pleasure from him, or grind back into the fullness he craved.

As the waves of pleasure receded from the back of his mind, Will realized that Hannibal had orgasmed shortly afterwards. The weight of the older man's torso was upon his back, pushing him down into the couch. Will whined at the loss when Hannibal pulled out and realized with a gasp that semen was leaking down his thighs.

Hannibal was staring down at the leaking fluid when Will turned to meet his gaze, sheepish. Hannibal hadn't removed any of his clothing and was tucking his flaccid cock back into his slacks. Will was about to stand, to lean up to kiss him, ask if maybe they'd shower, when he was reminded.

" I wouldn't worry too much about your transcript for the future, William." The younger man's heart iced over at the use of his full name. That had ended after the second week of the semester. " It seems like you're more than capable of earning your grades."

This was not about a relationship--this was about his grade point average.

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